

LYRICS OF THE OPEN



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MARY G. CHERRY



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BY
MARY G. CHERRY

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime."

—*Renan.*

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET
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TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

AND

ALL WHO HAVE BEEN KIND TO ME

*Go, little Book, and sing to those
Who love on Nature's face to look,
Yet live 'mid city sights and shows,
Go, little Book.*

*Go, sing to them, of solemn rook,
Of merry lark, and sweet wild-rose,
Of heather hill, and singing brook.*

*The lyrics of the field disclose—
The springing corn, the golden stook:
To one who loves, from one who knows,
Go, little Book.*

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BY GARDEN, FIELD
AND STREAM

The Herald

THERE is a Spirit in the air
—The Baptist crying in the wilderness
“Behold the True!”
A Voice,
Content to herald forth the fair,
Which bids us wait in peace and cheerfulness
For all things new,
Rejoice!

 The throstles sing,
Now blow, thou March wind, lustily
 “ The trumpet of a prophecy ”
 Proclaiming Spring.

Beneath the pale March sun gleam bright
The tasselled catkins and the silver palm;
Tho’ old and brown
The leaves
Are gaily dancing with delight,
The blackthorn, with one breath of Springtide
 calm,
A snowy crown
Achieves.

THE HERALD

The throstles sing,
Now blow, thou March wind, lustily
"The trumpet of a prophecy"
Proclaiming Spring.

Among the thorns the thrushes build,
And on the grass the burnished celandine
Stars all the sod
With gold.
Lo ! now that all things are fulfilled,
The fair green raiment of the Spring divine,
Thou Wind of God,
Unfold !

The throstles sing,
Now blow, thou March wind, lustily
"The trumpet of a prophecy"
Proclaiming Spring.

The Open Road

SEE a ribbon lies before you, winding high and
winding low,

Climbing onward over hill and over plain,
As it twines the Sun-King's girdle running ever
Westward Ho !

Will you take the Open Road with me again?
For the world lies wide before you,
And its glamour swift falls o'er you
As you tramp, tramp, tramp the Open Road !

From the wayside comes an odour, honey-laden
gorse in bloom,
And the breeze it bears the salty taste of
sea,

Eastward gleam the sparkling wavelets, west, the
glint of yellow broom.

Will you take again the Open Road with me?
With a distant spire to guide me,
Will you walk along beside me
As I tramp, tramp, tramp the Open Road ?

THE OPEN ROAD

Be it sun or be it shower, still the road will take
its way,
Pushing forward through the heat or driving
rain ;
When the Call is ringing clearly, you can never
say it, Nay :—
Will you take the Open Road with me again ?
And if vagrant hearts beat high, dear,
See, the Road is ever nigh, dear,
So we'll tramp, tramp, tramp the Open Road !



In the Garden—Springtime

THE trees are bowing softly 'neath
The wind's caress,
And Winter's sway o'er field and heath
Grows less and less.

The nodding daffodils now ring
A merry chime
To welcome sweetly in the Spring—
The gay Springtime.

Anemones both white and red
In plenty lie,
And scillas gleaming in the bed
Reflect the sky.

The larks are chanting merrily,
The blackbirds call ;
A Spirit of Tranquillity
Broods over all.

A Spring Song

O'ER the upland pastures
Sweep the plover-band,
By the river margin,
Sheep and lambkins stand.

Shadows on the hill-top,
Clouds go sailing by
Where the great Wind-Shepherd
Drives across the sky.

Golden palms a-swaying,
Catkins swinging free,
Chestnut buds a-breaking,
Green on hawthorn tree.

Pipes of Pan a-calling
Glad new life is here,
Wake again to Springtime
All we hold most dear.

Moor and hill and woodland,
Beck, and laughing stream,
Wake to love triumphant
Fairer than a dream.

A Northern Easter

SNOW on the slope, and all the mountains
whiten,

Black are the trees against a sky of blue,
Crystals a-sparkle, see, the sunbeams brighten,
Tokens of purer loveliness and true.

Bare are the moorlands, brown the dusky
heather,

Grey are the rocks beneath a frosty sky ;
Pools, dark and peaty, clustering together,
Turquoise and topaz, prisoned jewels, lie.

Softly the pine woods chaunt their mystic burden,
Murmuring sweetly sway beneath the breeze ;
Patient the larches wait their ruby guerdon,
Hope re-awakens Spring amid the trees.

Green are the valleys, with beauties un beholden,
Bright gleams the Derwent flowing down the
dale ;

Palm-boughs a-swaying, silver buds and golden,
Fair nodding daffodils, primroses pale.

Welcome, oh Easter, born amid the mountains,
Dour some may deem thee, knowing not thy
face,

Dearer to us than "coral strands and fountains,"
Hail we thy fragrant comely Northern grace.

Hall Dale, Derbyshire

BEYOND the march of spruce and larch
Still grows the swarthy pine,
Then, stark and dour, is stretched the Moor
Above the dark green line.

Where indigo the shadows flow,
O'er crag and corrie steep,
And amethyst the shadows rest
Where purple valleys sleep.

Beyond the falls the moor-cock calls,
The crested plover wail ;
A hawk, at poise, his time employs
Above the silent dale.

Here, rich and brown, comes tumbling down,
The beck from off the hill,
There clear and cool, abides the pool
Where dream the waters still.

Here, birch and oak, dear highland folk,
Grace every sheltered nook ;
And alders shade the woodland glade
Beside the singing brook.

HALL DALE, DERBYSHIRE

All rusty-red the ground is spread
With last year's bracken fronds ;
While down the clough, 'twixt waters rough,
There lies a string of ponds.

'Mid water-weeds and slender reeds
The moorhen finds a home,
And merry trout swim in and out
Where foemen never come.

Within this glen, beyond all ken,
Is found a place of rest,
How dear a spot man knoweth not
Save He who knoweth best.

Spring in Brittany

THE apple blossoms rioting
—Twixt green of grass and blue of sky—
To earth their fragrant petals fling,
Or swing their branches up on high.

Snow-white above the wheat and rye
The pear and cherry shining stand,
Where long-horned oxen slowly ply
And turn the soil of that good land.

Bright rows of gorse on either hand
Bespeak indeed a wealth untold ;
In serried ranks the blackthorn-band
Its silver mingles with the gold.

Below the cliff so grey and old
Tosses the sea, now gay, now grave,
A wind, that whistles shrill and bold,
Is running races with the wave.

The Breton is a songster brave,
On land and sea he loves to sing,
And ever trolls a merry stave
To chant the glory of his Spring.

The Vale of Avalon

THE sight is of the fairest in earth and sea and
sky ;

Adown the Vale of Avalon the sedges softly
sigh,

But why the sight should thrill my heart
Indeed I know not why.

The land rolls smoothly westward in rippling hill
and dell ;

Adown the Vale of Avalon there looms a rugged
fell,

But why the sight should thrill my heart
Indeed I cannot tell.

The pear-bloom in the meadows is white as fallen
snow ;

Adown the Vale of Avalon the waters gently
go,

But why the sight should thrill my heart
Indeed I do not know.

THE VALE OF AVALON

The orchard-trees are gleaming with apple-
blossoms gay ;
Adown the Vale of Avalon there blows the
fragrant may,
But why the sight should thrill my heart
Indeed I cannot say.

Yet I am one with beauty in flowers and waters'
flow ;
Adown the Vale of Avalon Life binds both high
and low.
And that is why it thrills my heart,
Indeed it must be so.

From Polden Hill

FROM Polden Hill, a lovely world
Is seen at will,
A map of Somerset unfurled
From Polden Hill.

The Mendips and the Cheddar Caves
The distance fill,
With Fairholmes, and the shining waves,
From Polden Hill.

West, Sedgemoor lies, now fair and green,
Fat lands to till ;
And far blue Quantocks here are seen
From Polden Hill.

To east, is Glastonbury Tor
Where sleeps so still
King Arthur, down the ages hoar,
From Polden Hill.

Here, softly falls each summer day
On moor and rill,
And Heaven is never far away
From Polden Hill.

By Severn-Side

AMONG the hills the Severn's born,
The upland clouds its birth-place hide;—
Yet, fair and sweet grow grass and corn
By Severn-side.

The river you may follow down
Along the Hams so green and wide
To Tewkesbury from Upton-town
By Severn-side.

Soon, Avon helps to swell the stream
When past the Mythe the waters glide,
The Abbey-towers uprise, a dream,
By Severn-side.

At Bristol, Severn is set free,
Its waters mingle with the tide :—
Thus, you may pace from Moors to Sea
By Severn-side.

“Over the Hills”

SWEET on the heights we hear Pan play
“Over the Hills and far away,”
Fleet we must up, and blindly stray
Over the hills and far away.

Light is the lilt of music gay
“Over the Hills and far away,”
Night after night, and day by day
Over the hills and far away.

Still we can hear the Magic Lay
“Over the Hills and far away,”
Will and desire will brook no nay
Over the hills and far away.

Pan, if we hear, we must obey
“Over the Hills and far away,”
Man to the world is lost for aye
Over the Hills and far away.

To the Gean, or Wild Cherry

I LOVE thee in the Summer
In full and perfect leaf ;
I love thee in the Winter
When wrapped in slumber brief ;

I love thee in the Spring-time
A-spread with blossom-snow ;
I love thee in the Autumn
A-flame with scarlet glow ;

I love thee every season
Yet most in Autumn-fall,
'Tis then, my little Sister,
I love thee best of all.

What wealth of lovely treasure
Against the dark Scotch-fir !
Thou bringst thy Christmas offerings—
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.

What blaze of wondrous colour,
—That clear transparent red !
Thy leaf is one long beauty—
Yet fairest when 'tis dead.

TO THE GEAN, OR WILD CHERRY

So when my Autumn falleth,
And when my leaf is shed,
God grant that I, too, Sister,
Be fairest when I'm dead.

The River

SUNSHINE and shadow all along the stream,
Foam-white and froth-bright, see, the waters
gleam ;

Glass-clear and stone-smooth, here, the River
slips,

Hawk-eyed and shrill-cried, there, the swallow
dips.

Shingle and shallow, where the grayling rise,
Clear, cool and dark pool, where the big trout
lies ;

Backwash and pot-hole, where the fishes play,
Green weed and tall reed grow beside the way.

Moor-hen and dab-chick 'mid the rushes hide,
Here, there, everywhere, swift the bubbles glide ;
Turquoise and sapphire, where the waters sigh,
Bright hue and true blue, see, a bird go by !

Whirlpool, or smooth run singing soft and low,
Sunbright or starlight, how we love thy flow !
Dawn-gleam and day-star, moonbeams from
above,

Sweet, rare and more fair, River of our Love !

To the River Lathkil

(A VILLANELLE)

O SINGER of the open air !

Dear Lathkil of the minstrel-rill,
No music can with thine compare.

We love thy song so free from care,
Thy merry lay, now deep, now shrill,
O singer of the open air.

By wooded dell, or limestone bare,
Dear river singing 'neath the hill
No music can with thine compare.

By shining pool and shallows fair,
Thy lyrics all our heart-strings thrill,
O singer of the open air.

At even-tide, or noon-day glare,
By laughing weir, or silent mill,
No music can with thine compare.

Sweet echoes linger everywhere ;
In memory we hear thee still
O singer of the open air,
No music can with thine compare !

The Angler's Prayer

OH, bury me nigh to the running stream
That still I may hear her song,
The best of all melodies weave my dream
And lighten my slumber long !

The river shall chaunt my Requiem Mass,
The brooklet shall say " Amen "—
And this be my lot when it come to pass
That idle lie rod and pen.

* * * *

And he, who is bad, shall go to his place,
Where never a fish is found ;
And he, who is good, to the Land of Grace,
Where Living Waters abound.

By fair and green Pastures it takes its way
That crystalline Stream Divine :—
The Lord of Saint Peter will never say nay
To one of the Rod and Line !



A Garden Idyll

Oh, glorious sheen of apple green,
Soft gleam of sturdy shoot,
Till Adam's shears, despite our tears,
A grim fate execute.
'Tis sad that soon we needs must prune
Each heaven-aspiring spray,
And check and curb the growing herb
To bind each to our way.

Upon the wall are pear-trees tall,
Beside the garden-burn,
And currants red above the bed
Where waves the graceful fern.
Here, beans and peas, and gooseberry-trees
Are marshalled rows on rows,
Here, thyme is sweet, and rue discreet,
Within the garden-close.

A fair green lawn, all trim and shorn,
—By Atropus again—
And borders bright, with lilies white,
Where Flora loves to reign,

A GARDEN IDYLL

Here, at their ease the giant trees
Bestow a grateful shade,
Here, thrushes sing, and wing on wing
The birds flock unafraid.

And roses fair are everywhere,
Great bushes all a-glow,
And ramblers gay adorn the way,
Crimson, and white as snow.—
What wonder, then, that Sons of men
In Eden should believe,
And gardeners all, both great and small,
Should swear by Mother Eve?

Hollyhocks

TALL spires of our delight
Opal and gleaming white,
Saffron, tawny and rose,
Building sweet belfries bright
Beauty which hourly grows
Tall spires of our delight.

Slim campanili fair
Sway in the southern air,
Wafting to summer skies
Music beyond compare,
Shaftlets of colour rise
Slim campanili fair.

Blossoms in bright array
Coral and crimson gay,
Exquisite tender joys
On slender stems a-sway,
Like butterflies a-poise,
Blossoms in bright array.

In Praise of Autumn

BETWEEN the quiet skies and peaceful earth
There hangs, far off, a tender mist of blue
Half-veiling, as a cloud, a wondrous dream,
A wealth of light and shade. Rich colours
gleam

Harmonious all despite each diverse hue :—
Demeter winds a wreath of priceless worth.

Lo ! all of Autumn sing the praise
Rejoicing in her golden days.

The earth is mellow, golden and serene,
The barns are full of corn from roof to floor,
With shout and song the Harvest has been
reaped

The orchards stripped, the ruddy apples heaped,
And all have husbanded their winter store :—
Demeter, hail ! thou open-handed Queen !

Lo ! all of Autumn sing the praise
Rejoicing in her golden days.

Each blade of grass with dew is aureoled
E'er yet the sun has limned the world with light
—The pastel tints that autumn loves to paint,
The bronze and copper of the beech, the faint

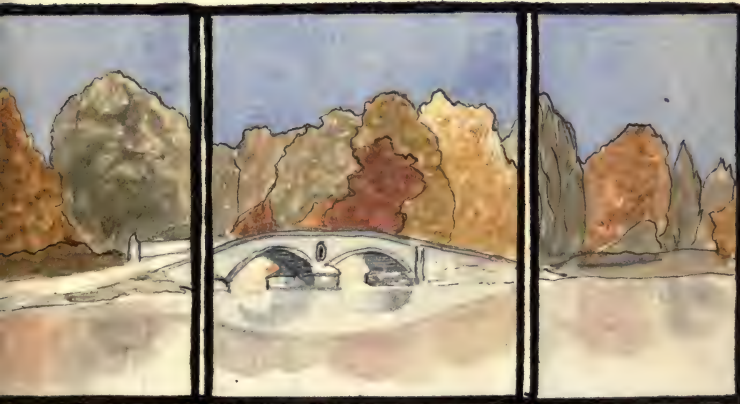
IN PRAISE OF AUTUMN

Pale gleam of limes amid the maples bright—
Where Midas' hand has turned all things to
gold.

Lo ! all of Autumn sing the praise
Rejoicing in her golden days.

And we, who love the glory of the morn,
Who chant a lay with every throbbing lark,
We, too, rejoice amid the beauties fair ;
Our Viking blood is stirred by crisping air,
In glad attune our hearts beat high—and hark
Across the vale there sounds the huntsman's
horn !

Lo ! all of Autumn sing the praise
Rejoicing in her golden days.



Les Feux d'Automne

(DOUBLE VILLANELLE)

A WEEK ago the woods were gay
With flaming beech and birken gold,
But where is fled the glow to-day ?

The sky-lark trolled a merry lay,
The blackbird flung a challenge bold,
A week ago the woods were gay.

The sun was sweet as first in May
And colour blazed o'er wood and wold,
But where is fled the glow to-day ?

A damp mist falls from skies of grey,
The leaves lie sodden, brown and old,
A week ago the woods were gay !

The sun has hid each golden ray,
For bitter winds blow stark and cold,
But where is fled the glow to-day ?

The autumn fires are past away,
No more the trees a glamour hold ;
A week ago the woods were gay
But where is fled the glow to-day ?

A February Evening

CLEAR-CUT against the sky stand beech and lime,
The vale lies swathed in mist,
And we—dark islets in the Sea of Time—
Like them are sunset-kissed.

O'er hamlet, wood and field, dim shadows fall,
Lights twinkle through the haze,
A dreamy moon between the pine-trees tall
Sheds slender silvery rays.

Still there remaineth, though night draweth nigh,
Tho' life and light depart,
A late lark singing in the dusky sky,
And one—within my heart.

A Summer Slumber Song

BRIGHT blue-bells chime the hour,
Sleep falls on every flower,
The lark sings on her nest
As Thou upon my breast :—
 Oh, sleep, my Son, when day is done,
 Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

Across the springing wheat
That ripples at thy feet,
Grey shadows gently creep ;
All sing to Thee of Sleep :—
 Oh, sleep, my Son, when day is done,
 Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

Nightingale on the bough
Takes up the reed-pipe now,
While from the greenwood-tree
A pigeon croons to Thee :—
 Oh, sleep, my Son when day is done
 Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

A SUMMER SLUMBER SONG

The partridge hails her mate,
The pheasant cries 'Tis late !
When sleeps each tiny bird
The nightjar will be heard :—
 Oh, sleep, my Son, when day is done,
 Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

The sun sinks in the west,
It calleth Thee to rest,
Forth peeps one starlet bright
To bid my Son " Good-night " :—
 Oh, sleep, my Son, when day is done,
 Sleep, my Little One, sleep.

The Invitation

ALL day the sun more cruel grew,
The heavens were as brass :—
But now there falls the evening dew
Upon the dust-brown grass.

The woods are cool and green and dark,
Each tree hath mystery,
The night-wind calleth all who hark :—
“ Come forth, and roam with me ! ”

The honey-suckle scents the air,
The cool green depths invite,
The wild-rose flings pale arms and fair :—
“ Come forth, and breathe the night ! ”

The bracken-fronds an arbour twist,
The hazel twines a bower ;
The Spirit of the Night hath kissed
Each bird and beast and flower.

Between the aisles of dim delight
We'll find our hearts' desire :—
And thou shalt be a noble knight
And I—thy trusty squire !

Australian Summer Night

PRELUDE

A DAY of glare and cloudless blue,
An air that burns the lips,
—The breath of Austral summer true—
Till west the Sun-God dips.

Then falls a glow of mystery,
A dust-storm turns to gold,
A breeze blows inland from the sea
Its boon of price untold.

From brown parched grass to ruddy sky
The Ranges are a-flame,
And white-washed rooves both far and nigh
In turn reflect the same.

On every side a faint mist lies,
Born of the far bush-fire,
Blue altar-smoke and incense rise
Straight from the woodland pyre.

Behind the hills the crimson sun
Sinks in a sea of red,
The swift-winged dark when day is done
Brings blood-red moon instead.

AUSTRALIAN SUMMER NIGHT

The Lights of Heaven are lit on high
—New lamps for Old—whose loss
We mourn, despite the southern sky
And glowing Southern Cross.

Australian Summer Night

ODE

NIGHT ! mystic and most wonderful, arise,
Shine with thy starry eyes
On these thy subjects, Queen of Southern
Skies,
Thyself reveal, inscrutable and wise.

Lift, but one lightning-flash, the velvet pall
With which thou coverest all
In sweeping cycle on this chequered ball
To faint-flushed dawn from dusky twilight fall.

A warm hush laps the waiting world around,
Scarcely a single sound ;
The bull-frog and the wattle-bird are drowned
By cricket shrill, and curlew, sorrow-crowned.

Behold, snail-creeper and tikoma bowers,
—Sweet blissful southern flowers—
Prepared by soothing Hands of magic powers,
Where we may rest, and dream away the hours.

Night ! Mighty Mother, beckoning lovingly,
Thou callest us, and we
—Like the poor cripple at the Christ's decree—
Take up our bed, and yield ourselves to Thee.

The Land of Dreams

O WONDROUS vision of the Night
To thee, my Kingdom of the quiet hours,
Fair Land of Dreams,
I fly ;
O Sea of Sleep, my dear delight,
For that sweet shore, around whose poppy
 flowers
The bright surge creams,
I sigh.

When once I reach that sea-girt shore
And hear the murmur of her waves below
The Hill of Time,
A calm,
White calm, like orchard-blossom hoar,
Sheds on my soul its fragrant silver snow,
From heights sublime
Soft balm.

Within that magic world so fair
Olympian gods and mighty heroes fine,
A radiant band
I see.;

THE LAND OF DREAMS

For lovely Artemis is there,
And bright Apollo and the Muses Nine
Walk hand in hand
With me.

All those whom I have loved of yore,
My kith and kin, and many a friend, have made
My fairy-land
Of Nod ;
The Realm of Dreams proves more and more
But just the humble threshold outside laid
The Kingdom grand
Of God.

The Queen of Night

SHE reigns supreme, my Lady fair,
Seléne, Queen of Night,
The stars her subjects ever were
With all in Heaven's height ;
The Sea is drawn by her silver hair,
And Earth, too, owns her might.

Athwart the wave a golden stair
Climbs to her throne of light ;
She trims her lamp with gentle air
To set the wanderer right,
She reigns supreme, my Lady fair,
Seléne, Queen of Night.

She hearkens to the reaper's prayer
And lends her sickle white ;
Her gracious presence everywhere
Is joy and pure delight,
She reigns supreme, my Lady fair,
Seléne, Queen of Night.

An Invocation

COME ! "rosy-fingered Morn," the curtain draw,
Fling wide the lattice of our heart's desire,
That eager longing eyes may scan once more
The golden glory of Apollo's fire.

His chariot-wheels, alas, they tarry still,
And Night seems aeons long for lack of Him :—
But see ! at length, above the eastern hill
The wondrous beauty of that shining rim.

Welcome, Apollo, Lord of Light and Song,
Thy radiant sword has vanquished dusky Night,
And merry voices hymn thee loud and long,
All hail, Apollo, Lord of Song and Light !

Welcome, bright Master of the Day to be,
To whose fair presence turn the scented flowers,
Mirth-Giver to the "many-twinkling" Sea,
Grant us, we pray thee, naught but sunny hours.

Ave Scotia

SCOTLAND, bonnie Scotland, I hail thee once
again :

I love thy rainbow-light, I love thy misty rain,
The honey-scented moors, the matchless heather
hills,

The music of thy streams, the murmur of thy
rills.

I love thy bracken brown, thy dear autumnal
braes,

The glory of thy gold, the wonder of thy ways :—
'Tis more than words can tell, this sum of sweet
delight.

I greet thee once again, dear Land of Love and
Light !

The birk is decked in gold, bright gold, as once
of yore,

Sweet riches brought again from Nature's lavish
store ;

For those who seek a-right a priceless treasure
find.

Joy murmurs in the burn, or whispers in the
wind :

AVE SCOTIA

The bronze and copper beech, the ruby gean,
 reveal
The sapphire of the loch, of mountain-tarn the
 steel,
The emerald of the strath, the jade of spruce
 and pine :
And all this boundless wealth once more again
 is mine !

I've sailed the Seven Seas, I've roamed the
 world around,
Seen many a wondrous sight, heard many a
 wondrous sound,
Arab in the desert, the Muslim Call to Prayer,
Tree-fern, gum, and wattle, the lyre-bird in his
 lair,
The coral and the palm of South Pacific Isle,
The vast Canadian plains extending mile on
 mile ;
Climbed New Zealand mountains, heard Buddhist
 Temple-chime :
But Scotland held my heart, dear Scotland, all
 the time !

Who hath Ears to Hear

THE eddies come and go
With spendthrift white as snow,
The hush of salmon pool,
The noise of waters cool,
The murmur of the foam,
These sing of Highland Home
To ears that love and understand !

The rustle of the fern
And echo of the burn,
The wind among the trees,
Soft whisper of the breeze
And voice of every pine
Sing songs of "Auld Lang Syne"
To ears that love and understand !

The birch-tree's gentle sigh,
The pee-wee's plaintive cry,
The ebb and flow of tide,
The river strong and wide,
The thunder of the Fall :—
There's music in them all
To ears that love and understand !

The Sunshine and the Breeze

THE warships in their rusty coats of mail,
The yachts so bright and brave,
The sparkle of the wave,
The glint of sun upon the snowy sail :—
Lo, every one of these,
(The sunshine and the breeze)
Is worth a kingly crown
Beside the Summer Seas.

The glow upon the sea-gull's silver wings,
The shadows as they scud
Deep sapphire o'er the flood,
The tall grey crags where purple heather
clings :
Lo, every one of these,
(The sunshine and the breeze)
Is worth a kingly crown
Beside the Summer Seas.

Cloud-shadows sweeping every strath and hill,
The harebells' azure chime,
The bees among the thyme,
And heaven reflected in the waters still ;

THE SUNSHINE AND THE BREEZE

Lo, every one of these,
(The sunshine and the breeze)
Is worth a kingly crown
Beside the Summer Seas.

Down comes the Rain

O'ER pine-tree dark, and bracken green,
O'er graceful birken's silver sheen,
O'er moor and fell, and moss-hag brown,
The Rain comes down.

The troubled loch is sheeted white,
The purple hills are hidden quite,
The whole world weeps as if in pain,
Down comes the Rain.

Yet midst the thundering Masson's foam
Two watery rainbows find a home ;—
E'en thus the Sun, on rainy days,
Shines through the haze.

A West-Highland Summer

Lo ! Summer lays her gentle hand
On this her own, her favoured land ;
No scorching rays on sun parched earth,
But tender showers of mountain birth,
And winsome gleams of golden light
That sport with rainbow shadows bright.

Amid the green of bracken fern
There falls the glint of silver burn,
A snowy streak, where seen on high,
It sparkles 'neath the Summer sky.

Above the dark serrated line
The mountain cloak of fir and pine,
The first faint purpling of the slope
Bespeaks the heather and its hope.

The rhododendron's last pale bloom
For Summer flowers now makes room,
The rowan blossom now gives way
To sweetbriar and the dog-rose gay.

A WEST-HIGHLAND SUMMER

Beneath the shade of oak and birk
The golden-hued wild-iris lurk,
While foxgloves ring each fairy bell
And all the joys of Summer tell.

No tropic glare of changeless blue,
The Loch is swept by shifting hue,
Now indigo, now swarthy grey,
Turquoise and azure, day by day,
Or shining silver 'neath the moon
The fairest gem of Highland June.

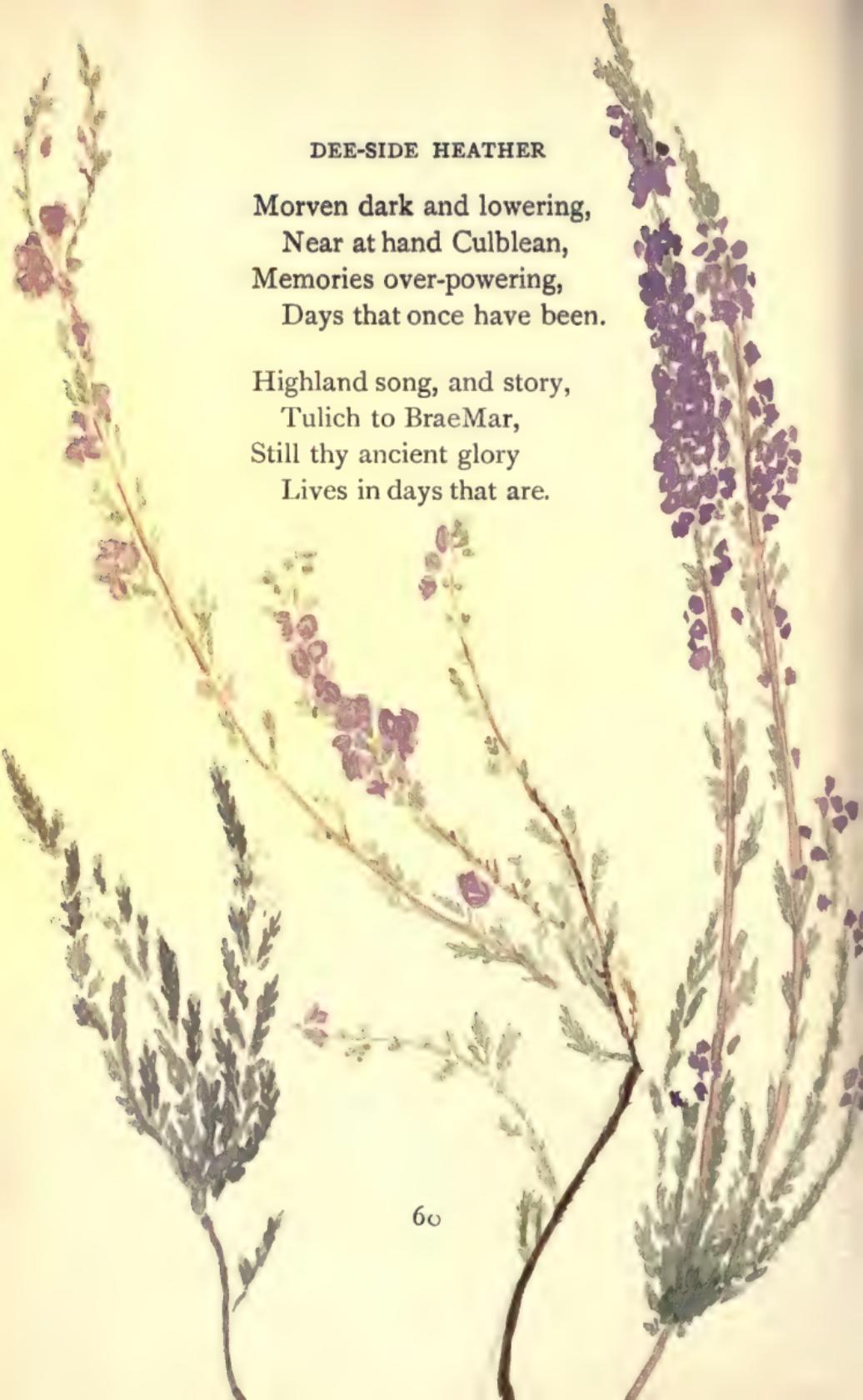
Dee-side Heather

HERE is Dee-side heather
Plucked on Dinnet Moor,
Sign of Autumn weather
Golden days and dour.

Davan smooth and smiling,
Bonnie Loch Kinord,
Many an hour beguiling,
Many a treasure stored.

Tarland to the Nor'-east,
Blellach and Strath Don,
Scene of Pictish war-feast,
Struggles past and gone.

Birse to fair Glen-Tana,
Mullock up to Corse,
Other ways and manner
Other days enforce.



DEE-SIDE HEATHER

Morven dark and lowering,
Near at hand Culblean,
Memories over-powering,
Days that once have been.

Highland song, and story,
Tulich to BraeMar,
Still thy ancient glory
Lives in days that are.

Beside the Tweed

BESIDE the Tweed the Gala mills
To heaven smoke,
Yet, all the way to Eildon Hills
Are fairy-folk.

From Abbotsford to Glendearg Peel
And Lauderdale,
To Leaderfoot from Ashiesteel,
Rings many a tale.

From Huntly-Burn and Rhymer's Glen
To Melrose fair,
The braes are full of fairy-men
And magic there.

Here, every oak a dryad holds,
Each burn a sprite,
And on the hills are fairy-folds
For folk at night.

Among the woods of Avenel
Tradition hides,
And all along the Elwand dell
Romance abides.

BESIDE THE TWEED

Below "The Fairies' Bowling-Green,"
The wee folk play,
And dance along the "Fairy-Dean"
Beside the way.

A mystic music haunts the air
—Pan's oaten reed—
And memories linger everywhere
Beside the Tweed.

Impromptu

WRITTEN DURING A GREAT TEMPEST

HILLS are wrapped in mist,
Waves are tempest-kissed,
Blinding squalls of rain
Come, and come again.
Bursts the storm-wind free,
Bends the stout pine-tree,
Blows from keen nor' west,
—Wind I love the best—
Hurtles down the glen
Daunting maids and men :—
All-undaunted I
Hark the storm-wind's cry :

Watch the brimming burn,
Whirlpools foam and churn,
Mark the angry flood
Thirst for human blood,
Eager for their toll
See the billows roll.
Wild on land and sea,
Moor and sheltered lea,
—Arran to Cairn Gorm—
Breaks the mighty storm :—
Welcome ! Wind of Power,
Hail thy cleansing hour !

The Bonnie Broom

DEAR glint o' gowden braes
—Recalling happy days—
Where bees all drowsing boom
'Mid honey-scented broom,
 The bonnie gowden broom !

Ma een are wet wi' brine
Wi' thocht o' days lang syne :—
Ah, gowd, abune the burn,
To thee my longings turn,
 The bonnie gowden broom !

Ma hairt is sair an' fu'
The whiles I canna pu'
—Aye greeting at the doom—
Wi' thee, the bonnie broom,
 The bonnie gowden broom !

An' when I come to dee
—Please God, it be wi' thee—
'Tis there I'll mak ma tomb
Amang the ling an' broom,
 The bonnie gowden broom !

A faint, light-colored pencil sketch of a person, possibly a woman, standing with their arms raised in a gesture of surprise or joy. The sketch is centered on the page and is very light, blending into the background.

SKETCHES ABROAD



Verona

CITY OF THE SWALLOWS

A Dream of Pink and White Marble.

VERONA, city of a dream,
A-flush with marble pink,
Around thy ramparts swallows scream
Or from thy fountains drink.

The Ghibelline Symbol.

Lo ! e'en thy very battlements
The swallow-tail betray ;
All Ghibelline the ornaments
Which bridge and tower display.

The Amphitheatre.

The Amphitheatre's wondrous heart
Still speaks of Roman days,
Above thy walls the swallows dart
Or cheer thy silent ways.

Piazza dei Signori.

Here, Dante gazed across the square
And mused on heroes dead,
An exile, trod another's stair,
And tasted stranger's bread.

VERONA

Arche dei Scaligeri.

Neath gothic canopy thy lords
The Scaligers repose,
Their very name a peace affords,
And daunts the stoutest foes.

Romeo and Juliet.

Here, Romeo and Juliet strayed
—Their homes outlive the crime—
And here, her tomb, whom Shakespeare made
Immortal to all time.

The Giusti Cypresses.

The Giusti-Garden cypress trees
Fulfil the heart's desire,
The heights of heaven they scale with ease,
And with them souls aspire.

Evening beside the Torre Civica.

And never to my dying hour
Shall I forget the sight :—
The swallows wheeling round the Tower,
Their cry, that Summer night.

Venice

—"Venetia, Venetia

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia."—*Old Proverb.*

A SILENT world of beauty fair,
A hush thrills through the ambient air,
The child of sea and sky is born—

Venice at Dawn.

The palaces of dazzling white,
San Marco's "dim religious light,"
The sails that fringe the wide lagoon—

Venice at Noon.

The wondrous gleaming opal haze,
The shimmer of her watery ways,
The gossamer the fairies weave—

Venice at Eve.

The "Poppés'" shrill melodious call,
Reflections on the water fall,
Beneath the moon the loveliest sight—

Venice at Night.

Pompeii

ABOVE the bay, on lava slopes
There lies the City of our Hopes,
'Mid lupins and the springing vine,
The lofty-stemmed umbrella-pine,
Whose graceful crown of swarthy hue
Shows dark against the vivid blue ;
While over all, austere, alone,
Vesuvius rears his broken cone.

Within an angle o'er the plain
Where Sarnus meets the gleaming main,
Upon a scarp—a beauteous dream—
The Doric temple rose supreme,
And, not far distant, theatres twain
The woes of Orpheus chaunt again.
The amphitheatre, now so still,
Then echoed to a people's will.

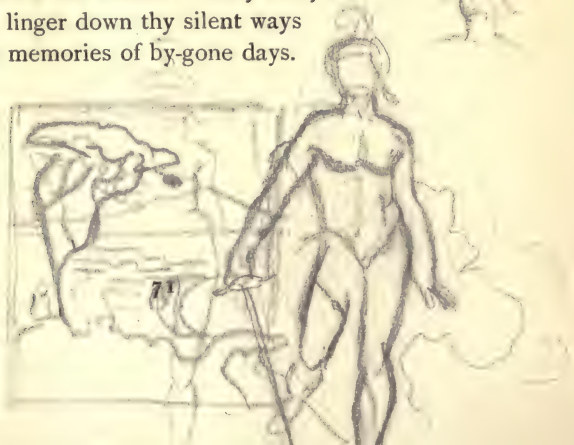
The Forum, once a busy mart,
No longer stirs the pulse and heart,
'Mid peace and quiet lizards reign,
But still the sun and sea remain ;

POMPEII

Gone is the throng of moving feet,
But still at end of every street
That wondrous dark serrated line—
The glorious heights of Apennine.

The gladiatorial barracks lie
All clover-filled beneath the sky ;
No water now the fountain fills ;
The wineshop and the bakers' mills
Are open to each wind that blows ;
And fragrant now in beauty grows,
By Roman urn and Oscan tomb
Apollo's flower, the golden broom

Pompeii ! name to us most dear—
A cameo cut, still fresh and clear,
Thou art a jewel rich and rare,
A gem within a setting fair,
A treasure stored from olden time,
To form the theme of many a rhyme :
Still linger down thy silent ways
The memories of by-gone days.



Cumae

FROM THE ACROPOLIS

CUMAE ! the fame that once was thine of yore,
Where is it now ? And "Ichabod" we sigh
As over hill and valley roams the eye
Where throngs the race of heroes never more,
And gone the brave Greek galleys from the
shore.

Yet wondrous deeds like theirs can never die,
Though o'er their vanished graves the sea-birds
cry,

And no one comes to glean the Sibyl's lore.
The Oracle is mute, alas ! and now—
Where myriads worshipped at Apollo's shrine—
There grows in lonely grace the tender vine
And flowerets nodding o'er the sea-cliff's brow ;
And here, where Daedalus hung up his wings,
Amid the grass the gay cicala sings.

Paestum

1910-1913

Lo ! from the mountains Summer airs a-blowing,
Radiant the sunlight, sky of cloudless blue,
Turquoise and sapphire, lapis depths a-glowing,
Bright shines the sea with ever-changing hue.

Here, in its pride, Poseidon's Temple waiteth
—Still in their vigour Doric columns stand—
Time's hand, nor man's, its beauty aught
abateth,
Symbol of strength and power, majesty grand.

Warm glows thy colour, mellow, full of glory,
Bold moulded triglyphs, metopai fair,
Each mighty block can tell the ancient story—
Greeks from afar, who built beyond compare.

Gone are thy statues, treasures all departed,
Curls never more the smoking altar-fire,
Yet, notwithstanding, still the faithful-hearted
Hear once again the sound of harp and lyre.

PAESTUM

Lush grows acanthus, here amid the bracken,
Tall-blossomed asphodel, cistuses pale,
Lizards so quick, whose sentries never slacken,
Grasshoppers green, whose fiddles never fail ;

Great Poseidonia, these are now thy people,
These fill thy highway 'twixt mountains and
the sea,
Angelus rings from many a hillside steeple
Where, on a time, the sea-god's fame was free.

Here, though all pale and steely lies the water,
Cloudy the hills and downward falls the rain,
Or, be it May, and fair the young year's
daughter,
Deathless thy beauty triumphs o'er the plain.

Suva

FAREWELL, sweet Suva ; by thy leafy shore,
We wanderers, alas, may dream no more,
Or listen to the distant breakers' roar.

No longer may we breathe thy scented balm,
Nor loiter 'neath the cocoanut and palm,
Nor gaze across thy blue lagoons and calm.

Still gleam thy coral reefs against the sky,
Still rise thy peaks in wondrous beauty high,
But not for us—dear Fiji Isles, goodbye.



Muskoka

WHERE snowy falls the forest stream,
'Neath azure skies the blue lakes gleam,
And bluer far than sapphires seem,
Whose sight the gazer well may deem
A lovely dream.

A gentle murmur 'mid the trees,
The maples sway green leafy seas,
The scent of pines borne on the breeze ;
Each sight, each sound, each scent agrees
Our hearts to please.

A woodland world most wondrous fair,
Where white-stemmed birch-trees cleave the air,
Around our feet sweet ferns and rare ;
A gracious peace broods everywhere
Beyond compare.

The fireweed and the golden-rod
And all the drowsy flowers nod,
The summer sun has baked each clod,
Till falls upon the dusty sod
The rain of God.

Quebec

FAREWELL, Quebec, grey walls and Citadel,
On high thy pinnacles and towers gleam,
Flushed by the benison of sunset beam,
—Old haunts where piety and learning dwell—
Reluctant still to break the magic spell.

On flowing tide we drop a-down the stream,
And leave behind the glory of a dream :
In all thy glamour, dear Quebec, farewell.

Thou part and parcel of a world so old,
Yet standing firm, the Gateway of the New,
Thou hast a fame accorded but to few
Who haply share thy blessings manifold ;
God ever grant thee Peace in lieu of strife,
And turn thy dream to still more glorious Life.

The Atlantic—a Storm

GREY skies, the greyest ever seen,
Grey waves, with under-curve of green ;
Grey tossing seas with creaming crest,
Grey driving mist blown from the west ;
Grey mighty rollers, steep on steep,
Tumultuous roar, deep answering deep ;
The flying scud is onward pressed,
Hail ! grey Atlantic, here confessed !
From such caress the weakling flies,
But through *thy* wrath “ The Empress ” plies.
Our decks are drenched with far-flung spray :
—“ ’Twill blow us finely on our way ”—
The skipper murmurs, full of glee,
All honour to such men as he !

OTHER VERSES

Easter in Australia

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—*Heb.* xi. 1.

Lo ! Christ is risen !—yet we lack a faith
To grasp the mystery of Easter-tide.
But what is faith ? our doubting hearts demand,
(As "what is truth ?" the Roman Pilate cried.)

Lo ! Nature answers us by parable ;
Beneath the Southern Cross in this far land
—An old - new world of strange and tropic
growth—
'Tis Autumn now, and Winter near at hand.

What though the dusty soil is parched and dry,
What though the flowers are dead, the grass
all brown,
We know in England Spring is on her way,
And golden gorse is glowing o'er the Down.

The catkin swings on nut and hazel bough,
The tender larch is veiled in living green
With rosy tassels shyly hid below,
And every blackthorn flaunts her silver
sheen.

EASTER IN AUSTRALIA

What though the Austral Bush is grey and lone,
What though the Southern birds are silent all,
The English woods are full of April song,
And hark ! there rings the cuckoo's welcome
call.

“ Now Faith, it is the substance of our hopes,
The evidence of things not seen,” we read,
By faith we see the primroses a-blow,
By faith we share the English Spring indeed.

Now, if our faith in earthly Spring is strong,
God grant us trust in these His Mercies wide,
That we, at length, by Faith may come to share
The blessings of Christ's Lent * and Easter-
tide.

* Lent means Spring.

Τὸ καλόν

YEARLY, dearly, o'er the world-wide spaces,
Fragrant, beauteous, Spring-time brings her
graces,
New life, true life, flooding storm-worn places,
Gilds all the faces.

Lightly, brightly, April goes a-Maying,
Love, Law, Order, follow on her playing ;
Duly, truly, Spring is but obeying
God's golden saying.

Sweet thought, meet thought, Unity supplying,
Goodness, Virtue, Loveliness implying :
Duty, Beauty, these are, past denying,
One, and undying.

Dawn

SUGGESTED BY A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO

“Ἀρτίως μ' αἶ χρυσοπέδιλλος Ἀὔως.”

ME, but just now, the golden-sandalled Dawn
Caught, as she flitted o'er the sleeping world,
Crowned with the glory of the gleaming morn,
Bright with the sheen of lucent dew empearled.

Lonely I gaze across the sunlit sea,
Weary I weep, and all my prayer is this,
Come, oh my lover, come again to me !
Caught in the rapture of my golden kiss.

A Lyric

SUGGESTED BY A FRAGMENT FROM SAPPHO

“Ψαύην δ’ οὐ δοκίμοιμ’ ὀράνω δύσι πάχουσιν.”

I do not think to touch the sky
 With my two arms,
I only long to draw thee nigh
 From all that harms.

The wise and great I do not dream
 To soar above,
I only pray to rise supreme
 Through force of Love.

I do not think to climb the height
 Of earthly fame,
I only try to sing the might
 Of Love's sweet name.

I do not think to touch the sky
 With my two arms,
I only find my heaven to lie
 In thy dear charms.

Two Translations

I

—“*Φέσπερε, πάντα φέρων, ὅσα φαίνολις
ἔσκεδασ’ αὖως, φέρεις οἶν, φέρες αἶγα,
φέρεις ἄπυ ματέρι παῖδα.*”—*Sappho.*

BRINGER of all, oh Evening star,
Which the bright Dawn had scattered far,
Thou bringest sheep and goat to rest.
The daughter to the mother’s breast.

II.

UEBER allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh ;
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch ;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Goethe.

Over every hill
Broodeth peace ;
Mount and vale are still,
Noises cease,
Scarce a single breath ;
The nestlings sleep beneath the moon.
Only wait, for soon
Cometh kindly Death.

The Land of Makebelief

SEE, Peter, dear,
A wee house here,
Where Wendy is at home ;
A garden cool
With shady pool,
Where Wendy loves to roam.

There, cherry-pie
And lilac high,
With roses white and red,
And pansies, too,
For me and you,
Are growing in the bed.

Forget-me-not
Be-gem the spot ;
And cherry-trees a-row ;
While by the stream
Tall lilies gleam,
And Mary-buds a-blow.

So spick and span,
Dear Peter Pan,
The house with love will glow !

THE LAND OF MAKEBELIEF

More blossoms fair,
A comfy chair,
And none to thee say "no."

A clean white bed
For drowsy head,
And pillows one and two :
What wonder, then,
This cosy den
Is Home to me and you ?

Désillusion

So, it has come to this ?
Farewell, for we cannot capture
The former breathless rapture
Born of a single kiss,
Heart beating time to heart,
—That heart you lightly stole,
My Life—my Love—my Soul—
Now We agree to part.

Go ; there's little to say,
What is the use of crying ?
Passion is dull and dying ;
The Idol has feet of clay.
I stroke that dear dark head,
Praying God keep you well
When I am fast in Hell
—The Hell of an ideal dead.

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If Love be sacrifice,
Then, from the funeral pyre
Cleansed by the healing fire,
It soars to Paradise.
So, though our earthly love
We bury with weeping eyes,
The Spirit of Love will rise
Deathless, to reign above.

Mothers of Britain

(SUGGESTED BY THE DECLINING BIRTH-RATE)

OH, wedded wives who slay the babe unborn,
The Mother with no wedding ring you scorn,
My sinless boy you call "a child of shame,"
And mock at one who wears his mother's name,
—Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my own bone,—
No bitter tears may for my fault atone !
You say the world is evil—that may be—
But it is you who make it so, not we
Who bear the brunt of our weak womanhood.
By Him, Who died upon the Holy Rood,
The Friend of publican and Magdalen,
Who stretched a Saving Hand to fallen men,
The Son of Mary be my Judge that Day,
When open lie all hearts. What will you say,
You wives who break God's Law and mind it not,
You barren mates who shun your woman's lot ?
That Holy Voice will ring out piercingly :—
"Where are the babes I bade ye rear for Me ?
Your ears were deaf unto the Mother-Call ;

MOTHERS OF BRITAIN

Not one of these My Little Ones shall fall,
Without My Word, and ye have made that
 Word,
Of none effect !” In that day will the Lord,
Forgive the woman who loved over-much
Rather than you who feared the gentle touch
Of tender baby fingers undefiled.
Heaven’s Gate is opened by a little child.

To My Dream-Child

THE dying firelight flickers red,
As lying in my lonely bed,
I feel upon my arm thy head,
Dear Dream-Child.

The quick pit-pat upon my breast,
The even breath, betoken rest,
Thou liest in my arms caressed,
Dear Dream-Child.

Thy fingers round my heart-strings wind,
I see thee not, but Love is blind,
And Love to Loneliness is kind,
Dear Dream-Child.

The darkness hides thee from mine eyes,
But God is good as He is wise,
He sent thee here to stay my sighs,
Dear Dream-Child.

A new world wakes at eventide,
The Gates of Love are open wide,
There's room for you and me inside,
Dear Dream Child.

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TO MY DREAM-CHILD

I hear the ploughman's cheerful lay,
The rising sun proclaims the day,
And thou, sweet Babe, thou must away,
Dear Dream-Child.

Though on this breast lie babe of mine,
In future days with charms, like thine,
I'll love thee still for Auld Lang Syne,
Dear Dream-Child.



The Gate of Horn

FLING open wide the Gate of Horn
For dreams that all come true,
They go your slumbers to adorn
With thoughts that know no rue ;
The Gate of Ivory I scorn,
Since True-love goes not through.

'Tis here the little dreams are born
That fly from me to you,
They lightly speed from night till morn
On wings of rainbow hue ;
Fling open wide the Gate of Horn
For dreams that all come true.

My loving dreams from dusk till dawn
Shall chaunt your praises due
Till, far above the springing corn,
A lark ascends the blue !
Fling open wide the Gate of Horn
For dreams that all come true.

Light in Darkness

WE seek we know not what, and find it not,
Poor souls that stretch but blind hands in the
dark—

We haunt the shade, our former sight forgot,
And fail to quicken e'en the smallest spark.

Because we fear the dark, and cannot see,
We weep, not knowing that the Light is near ;
But should there shine a gleam of sympathy
From out a human heart, all fled is fear.

One ray of understanding in a face
Beloved, and swift is gone the darkened
sight—

No longer is the world a prison-place,
But just the portal to the Halls of Light.

Then sometimes in the darkness streams a
Light,
Our Guardian Angel leaves the Door ajar,
And so musicians play and poets write,
Reflecting dimly back the Light a-far.

And we the simple folk of every day,
Who strive to do such mighty deeds in vain,
For us, the Light shows clearer Home the way,
To those bright Halls where darkness is
made plain.

Life's Dual Self

To some, Life seemeth desperate, dull, and
dire ;

To others, lighted with celestial fire
As towards the highest Life and Love aspire.

Life hath, indeed, a mystic Dual Self—
A love of Ghibelline, and love of Guelf,
A love of poverty, and love of pelf.

Life seeketh Peace amid the lilies white,
Life joyeth in red blooms of War's despite,
Life hails the Day, and welcomes in the Night.

Life sheds a sea of tears with all the sad,
Life pipes a tune to make the glad more glad,
And Life is sane, and yet withal, is mad.

Life treads a measure in the Pastoral,
And sings a part in every Madrigal ;
Yet, mourning, follows slow each funeral.

For Life is but a thing of Yesterday,
Yet Life was Life Eternities away,
Immortal or ephemeral, hard to say.

LIFE'S DUAL SELF

As onward streams our Life's mysterious flow,
Of this strange Dual Self, alone, we know
To reach our goal, through Death to Life we go.

And this, alone, is Knowledge in our eyes,
To Babes revealed truths hidden from the
Wise,—
Though Life be twain, 'tis One beyond the skies.

Be Glad of Life

—“Be glad of Life, because it gives you the chance to love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars.”—

Be glad of Life ; because it brings
The chance to love, that priceless gift,
That joy of which the poet sings,
The power which moors the soul adrift ;
Thank God for Love !

Be glad of Life ; because it brings
The chance to work, that blest command
To grapple with the heart of things,
And conquer all on sea and land ;
Thank God for Work !

Be glad of Life ; because it brings
The chance to play, that glad relief
Alike to serfs and weary kings,
—At play all hold the world in fief—
Thank God for Play !

Be glad of Life ; because it brings
The chance of stars, when falls the night
And we can hear Death's dusky wings,
Then look we up and see the light :
Thank God for Stars !

Three Forewords

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE"

To some, all Nature seemeth naught, to some
The winds and waves are dumb ;
To us, the scent of gorse beside the sea
To all Eternity
Brings visions of a fairer world in reach ;
The gleaming pebbly beach
With all its treasured wares and yellow sand
Sings songs of Fairyland.

And some, there are, in Cities find no soul,
To us, the constant goal ;
And some, who thrill not at the thought of Rome
To us, the wondrous Home,
Who find amid her deathless storied walls
The Universal Calls,
In very sooth "where he who runs may read"
The Truths beneath all Creed.

Where'er we seek, 'mid woods and field and
flowers,
Another world is ours ;
Where'er we turn, to earth, or sea, or sky,
The Unseen draweth nigh :
And truly, if we wander far and wide,
Or by the fire abide,
All things are good, if we keep safe the while
Our own Enchanted Isle.

“The Crock of Gold”

OH, have you seen the fairy clan,
The hosting of the Shée?
For, if you've heard the Pipes o' Pan
'Tis there you'll long to be,
With many another merry rogue
And busy Leprecaun ;
With Caitilin and Angus Óg
To dance till golden dawn.

For Fairyland is very near,
By moor and running rill,
And we can fairy music hear
If we but listen still.
Through heather, where the waters wind,
Or where the bluebell nods,
By crag and whin, you yet may find,
The Country of the Gods.

“Hawthorn and Lavender”

LOVE, though my heart may bid thee stay,
Yet Love, my love, will say thee nay,
And love will cheer thee on thy way—
As hawthorn bloom in merry May.

Love, though thou farest far and wide
Yet Love, my love, will near thee bide,
And memories linger at thy side—
As lavender in winter-tide.

Love, cold and frost can do no harm,
For Love, my love, will keep thee warm,
And thou shalt find my loving arm—
A lavender and hawthorn charm.

The Three Gifts

I GIVE thee, here, the fair white Rose of Faith,
—The Virgin sign of purity and trust—
For Faith is simple, giving, asking naught,
Yet Faith moves mountains as they were but
dust.

I give thee, Dear, the pale pink Rose of Hope,
—The token of all aspiration bright—
To cheer and gladden doubting souls of men,
For Hope can see the Dawn beyond the
Night.

But best, I give the deep red Rose of Love,
Within whose tender heart is hid the gold,
—The sweetest symbol of Eternity—
For Love will last when Faith and Hope are
cold.

Grey and Gold

ALL hushed the voice of melody,
The birds in fright have fled,
The hills loom grey and mistily,
Wind moaneth overhead,
While fast upon the leaden sea
Falls rain from skies of lead ;
All Nature seems to mourn with me,
For Love, alas, is dead !

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Upraised the voice of melody,
The wind and rain have fled,
No more the hills loom mistily,
A lark sings overhead,
The sun shines bright on sapphire sea
From skies no longer lead ;
All Nature seems to laugh with me,
For Love is never dead !

Coelesti Luce Crescat

LOVE is a Torch that glimmers in the night,
The Rain of Sorrow quenches not its light,
It glows more bright.

Love is a Beacon shining o'er the foam
To point the Harbour-Bar to those who roam
And guide them home.

Love is the blessed light of Sun by day,
The Moon by night ; the stars and Milky Way
All own its sway.

Love is the Radiance of the Holy Dove,
For, ever, Love is Light, and Light is Love,
Here and above.

Without Thee

WITHOUT thee is the World an empty place,
A land of darksome gloom and shadows drear ;
But all is quickly changed when thy dear face
Is near.

With thee at hand, my soul all danger braves ;
And yet the World is but a Sea of doubt,
Strange drifting tides and angry tossing waves
Without.

With thee beside me, swift, with sail unfurled,
My bark skims lightly o'er Life's stormy Sea,
In perfect trust—for thou art all the World
To me.



Because I Love Thee

BECAUSE I love thee, Dear, Dear Heart,
All things I can endure ;
Though Fate may keep us far apart
My love is ever sure.

And if thy love should tire of me,
—For love is hard to bind—
Yet still my love shall follow thee
Though love should prove unkind.

And if thy love grow faint and weak
Behold, my love is strong !
To spend my love I only seek,
To love I only long.

Thy love I do not ask for, here,
I leave thee ever free,
I only pray to love thee, Dear,
Through all Eternity.

If Love were all

If Love were all, though half a world away,
I'd swiftly come, obedient to thy call,
And leagues would be as naught to Love's
sweet sway

If Love were all.

If Love were all, though bound in limb and
brain,
To iron bonds my soul should ne'er be thrall,
And Love would lightly break the irksome
chain

If Love were all.

If Love were all, we should but choose the
sweet,
And so despise the vinegar and gall ;
Thus, Life, itself, would still be incomplete
If Love were all.

Where Love is all,—'tis there our longings
roam.

The God of Love, Whose Pleasures never pall,
For those who love, e'en now prepares a Home
Where love is all.

Canzonet

I HAVE no store
Of this world's goods to deck
With soft pearls' hoar
That slender graceful neck ;
No silver white
As that dear bosom fair,
No gold as bright
As thy sweet sunny hair.

No moonstones try
To match thy gleaming arms,
No rubies vie
With thy lips' rosy charms ;
No turquoise gems
Are blue as thy dear eyes,
No diadems
Outshine thy beauty's prize.

I have no land
To give, indeed to thee,
I would my hand
Might hold the world in fee ;

CANZONET

So, were it mine—
The world and all its bliss—
'Twere swiftly thine
For just one tiny kiss !

I have no wealth
To pour into thy lap,
But yet, by stealth,
I offer more, mayhap :
No golden purse,
But coronet of rhyme,
My lowly verse
Shall crown thee for all time.

If Word of Mine

If word of mine could cheer the waiting days,
Or shed a ray of comfort on Life's ways,

If word of mine could bring one gleam to pass
—Though fleeting but as sunshine over grass—

If word of mine could bring the least relief,
To saddened heart, and lift the load of grief,

If word of mine could show that Love is near,
That word I'd speak for one I hold most dear.

If word of mine could prove that prayer is
 heard,
I'd give my life for just that single word.

If word of mine could link a soul with soul,
Foreshowing all the beauties of God's Whole,

If word of mine thus brought the smallest gain,
Then Life, indeed, had not been lived in vain.

If word of mine could ease thy toilsome strife,
And, though that word should cost my very life,

If word of mine could bring thee any cheer
That word of mine should ring out bright and
 clear.

The One Thing

WHATE'ER the wise and learned may assert,
There's nothing else in all the world be-
side—

For Love is just the one true crown of life
From winter ebb to flowing summer tide.

It is the perfect pearl, the flawless gem,
The consummation of our heart's desire,
The glory of the sun, the glowing flame ;
For Love is light indeed, and Love is fire.

Love builds the house, and plants a garden
fair,

Love twines the honeysuckle round the
porch,

Love gilds the morning sky with golden ray,
And Love it is who lights the evening torch.

'Tis Love that paints the purple of the hills,
And floods both sea and loch with matchless
blue ;

It echoes in the curlew's lonely cry,
It finds a voice in all that's good and true.

The path of Love still gleams on us afar,
For Love shines bright through darkest night
to day ;

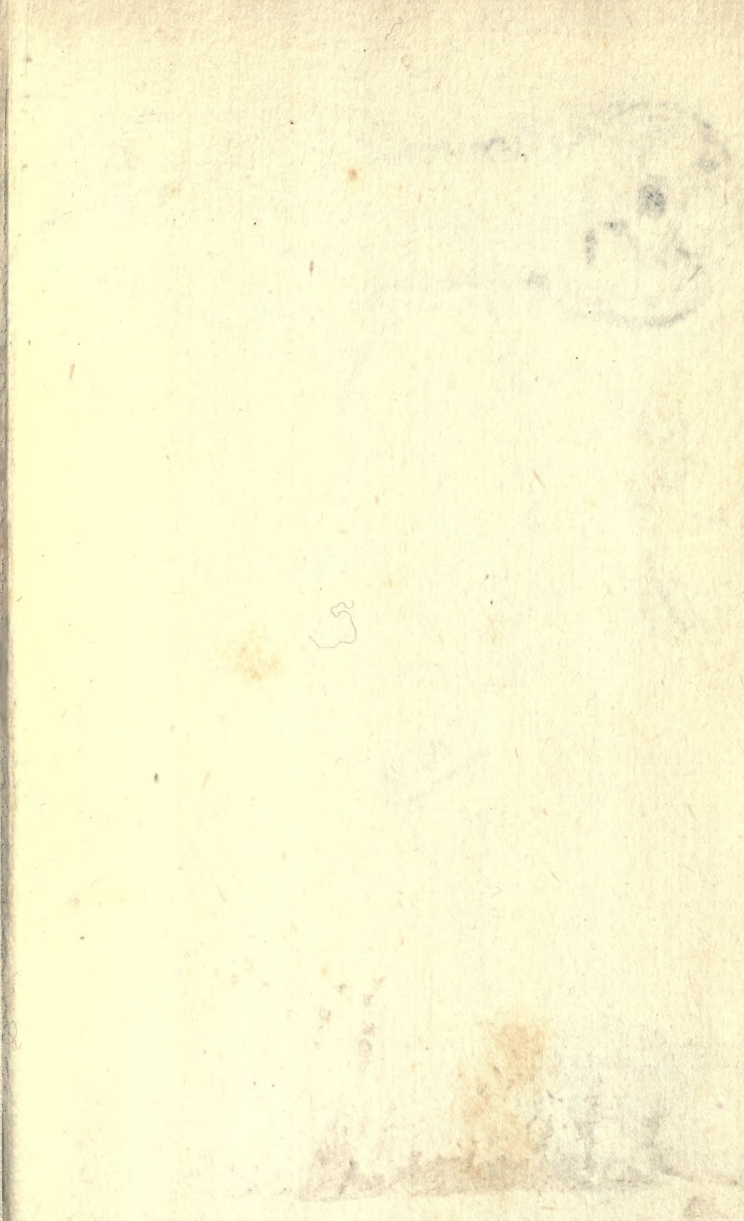
But only wise is he who knows these things,
And only learned, who has learnt Love's way.

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M. G. C.

DARLEY DALE, 16th May, 1914.





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